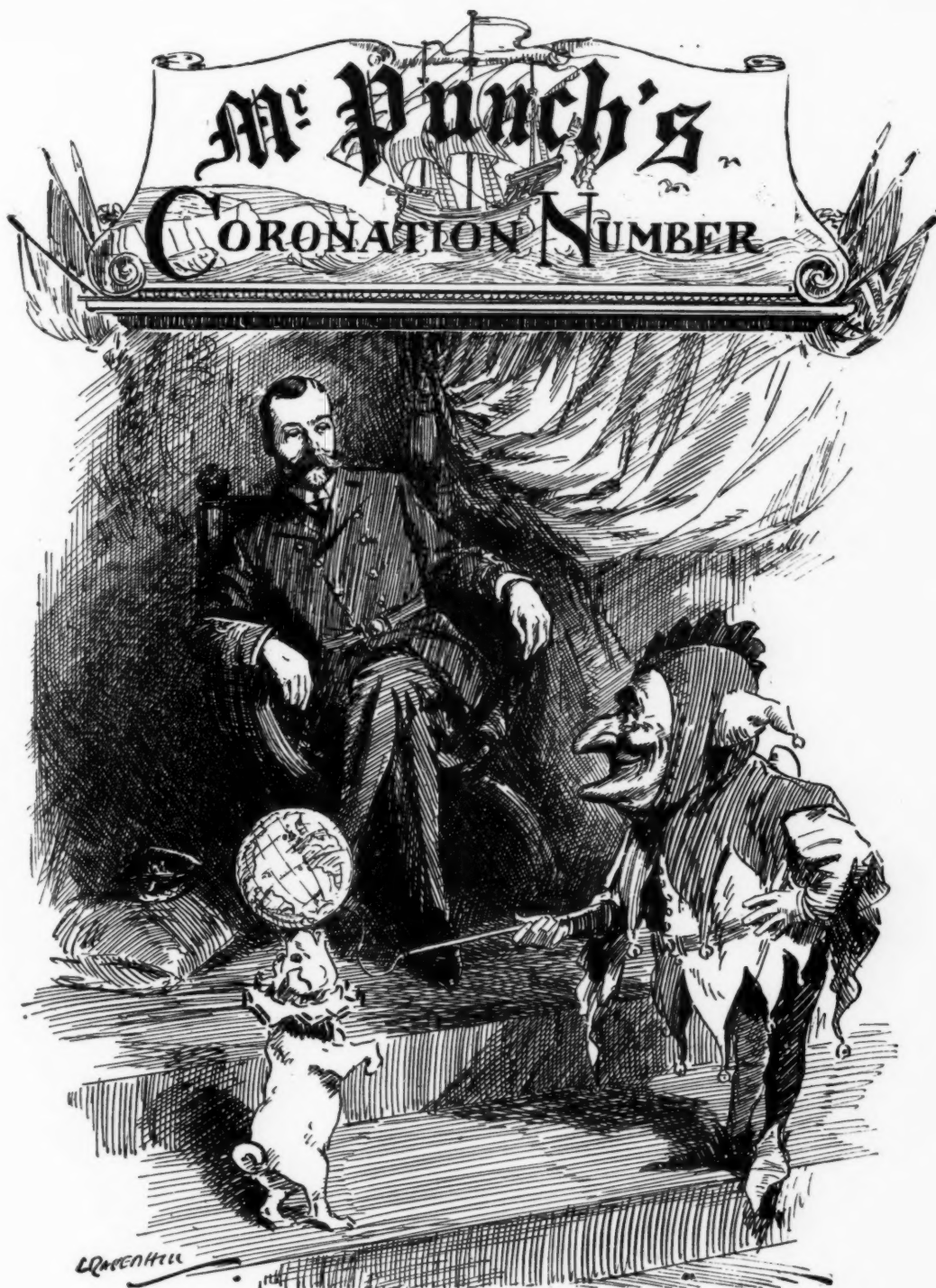


**Mr. Punch's
Coronation
Number.**

LONG LIVE THE KING!







TO THE KING.

For His Majesty's Coronation.



WHEN Summer last came gowned in virgin green,
Among the mourning pageantry you paced,
Dimly aware what splendours of the scene
By Death's enfolding shadow lay effaced ;
A King that nursed his private grief apart,
Nor comfort from his kingly state could borrow,
Grave-eyed you went, and very lone of heart,
Mid silent greetings hushed to share your sorrow.

A year ago. And now by those same ways,
Crowned and anointed King, once more you come,
And Grief fulfilled recalls her backward gaze,
And Joy unlocks our lips that then were dumb ;
Glad heart and voice, we greet your proven worth,
Whose courage, called to meet the test of royalty,
By better claims than any right of birth
Has earned the homage of our love and loyalty.

Earth of her gifts can yield no fairer grace
Than thus to rule a people proud and free,
For whom you stand as symbol of a race
Heirs to the ancient lordship of the sea ;
So on this day, when Peace may lightly wear
The warrior trophies won from sterner ages,
Well may her sister, Mirth, demand an air
Of ampler revelry in these our pages.

And if, in this poor tribute, we intrude
A touch of humour something over-bold ;
If, for relief, we ask the latitude
Allowed to licensed jesters from of old ;
Believe me, Sire, in all your faithful isle
None pays a fealty more profound and fervent
Than he who here appends his name and style—
Than *Punch*, your Majesty's most loyal servant.

O. S.



Mr. Punch's Gala Variety Entertainment.



HEREAS Their Majesties KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY have shown a gracious interest in the Art of the Music Hall, Now this is to say that *Mr. Punch* proposes to offer to Their Majesties an opportunity of attending a Gala Variety Entertainment of his own. So sanguine is he of being able to persuade Their Majesties to assist at his Fête, that he has already engaged an extraordinarily talented cast, and drawn up a thoroughly exhaustive programme. As to the date, everything will depend upon Their Majesties' pleasure, but it may be confidently asserted that it will not be allowed to clash with the actual Coronation.

Mr. Punch, accompanied by some of the QUEEN's Maries, will himself receive the KING and QUEEN (always supposing that Their Majesties are present), and a bouquet, consisting of "silver bells and cockle shells, and pretty maids all of a row," will be presented to the QUEEN by "Mary, Mary, all contrary," who will be supported by another Mary—the one with the pet lamb.

The National Anthem once played and Their Majesties comfortably seated, a short interval will be allowed for staring, but no pointing will be permitted. *Mr. Punch* will then deliver a Prologue composed by one of his young fellows.



The final touches have not yet been given to this masterpiece, and, indeed, much will be left to the inspiration of the moment and the individuality of the prompter. But, roughly, the idea will be as follows:—

Prologue.

Your Majesties, your Royal Highnesses,
Also (if present) your Serenities,
Your Graces, Lordships, Ladyships—in short,
Ladies and Gentlemen of ev'ry sort
(The Press included), welcome to our show,
Now, after months of labour, on the go.

Oh for a Muse of fire (as SHAKESPEARE said,
But cannot now repeat it, being dead),
Oh for a Muse that could aspire to sing
A fitting ode of welcome to our KING,
To offer neatly, at the very start,
The tribute of a most devoted heart.

[*Mr. Punch makes obeisance to the Royal Box.*]

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

Oh for a something else with which to greet
The beauty for the moment at my feet,

[*Mr. Punch bows to the ladies.*]

To hymn the serried splendour of the pit
And dwell upon the circles for a bit !
It needs a demi-god—half MILTON, half
Reporter on the *Daily Telegraph*.
A mortal overwhelmed by your effulgence
Can only crave your very kind indulgence ;
Let me, instead, foreshadow the surprises
We spring upon you when the curtain rises.

My task is rendered lighter by the fact
That many of you, with consummate tact,
Have bought and favoured with at least a glance
The special programme issued in advance—
Meaning, of course, that enemy to slumber,
My Extra-special Coronation Number. [*Advt.*]

You know that soon, unless the curtain sticks,
You'll see a masque of Art and Politics,
A feast of Fun and Fantasy and things—
Possibly, too, the prompters in the wings.
Georges of every kind will take their calls
Hoping for recognition from the stalls ;
NEWTON himself, no less, and other Lords
Will make a first appearance on the boards ;
History will affect the modern manner
And Mr. CHURCHILL sing to the pianer ;
While at the finish I myself may take
The chance of thanking those of you awake.

Now, if the carpenters have stopped their banging,
And if the manager has finished slanging
The carpenters, and if the double bass
Will kindly hurry up and find the place,
Then let the curtain rise upon a night
Of unexampled splendour and delight.

After a short but adequate interval for applause the performance proper will commence ; and of this *Mr. Punch* has pleasure in issuing herewith a preliminary Illustrated Programme.

His pictures are based upon representations made by his performers as to the nature of their turns and do not pretend to be an historic record of events that have not yet occurred. No person will therefore be permitted to claim his money back at the doors on the plea that any turn (or turns) differed materially from the counterfeit presentment (or presentments) of it (or them). *Mr. Punch* also reserves to himself the right to supplement his Preliminary Programme (though this is, humanly speaking, improbable), or to withdraw any turn of which the performer proves, at rehearsal, to be less good than he said he was going to be.

The Programme will begin with some

Variety Turns,

and this form of entertainment will be continued at intervals throughout the performance.

1. Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE, in a self-made biplane, accompanied by warlike music, will manoeuvre over the audience and undertake to drop a couple of *confetti* on the head of the German Naval Attaché.

2. Mr. F. E. SMITH will sing : "I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy."

3. Lord NEWTON will give his inimitable sketch, "How I made even the Peers laugh."

4. Mr. A. B. WALKLEY, dramatic critic of *The Times*, will deliver, in Attic Greek with a French accent, a dissertation on "Aristophanny's First Play." At the same time Mesdames MELBA and TETRAZZINI, who refuse to appear apart, will simultaneously sing *Altiore peto*, each going as she pleases.



Mr. F. E. Smith will sing : "I'm shy, Mary Ellen, I'm shy."

5. Mr. OSCAR ASCHIE will give a demonstration of First Aid, exhibiting the "Kismet" system of holding a drowning man under water till he has stopped drowning.

6. Mr. — (who desires at present to remain nameless) will write a cheque for £5,000 in favour of a charity (to be chosen by *Mr. Punch*), on condition that his name be announced from the proscenium in clear and bell-like tones. During this performance, Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM will write a complete new play, and Miss LILY ELSIE will waltz up a salmon-ladder with the Master of ELIBANK.

7. M. MAETERLINCK and Lord AVEBURY will conduct an exhibition bee-fight (one bee a-side), after which the latter will oblige with "I know a Bank."

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

8. MESSRS. T. P. O'CONNOR and TIM HEALY will appear as Irish "Back-chat" Comedians.

9. MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL will give his well-known patter-song:—

Little Bo-peppered
Has lost her shepherd
And can't tell where they hide him;
Leave him alone
And he'll come home
With a whiskey-bottle inside him.

10. MR. GARVIN, Editor of *The Observer*, will give a selection (the whole is far too long) from his popular Ventriloquial Sketch, "The Power behind the Peerage." In the event of an encore he will bring on Mr. W. WALDORF ASTOR, and they will sing together as the "Dollar Duettists" in "For Hever and for Hever."

11. LORD ROSEBERY, wearing the yellow primrose of a detached life, will recite a parody of "The House that Jack built," entitled "The House that Archibald re-built." At the same time MR. NEIL PRIMROSE, another member of the same talented family, will give his daring acrobatic performance in which he descends from a great height upon the woolsack and bounds off into space.

12. **March Past of the King's Georges**, each contributing some peculiar and personal tribute, illustrated by a rhymed couplet.

Meanwhile, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, chagrined because his claim to appear among the King's Georges was considered invalid, will preamble in the wings, and start a Lloyd's Invalidity Insurance Scheme.



Mr. Winston Churchill loses his Shepherd.



Mr. T. P. O'Connor and Mr. Tim Healy,
Irish Back-chat Comedians.



The Editor of "The Observer" in his great Ventriloquial
Performance as "The Power behind the Peerage."

GEORGE
MOORE.



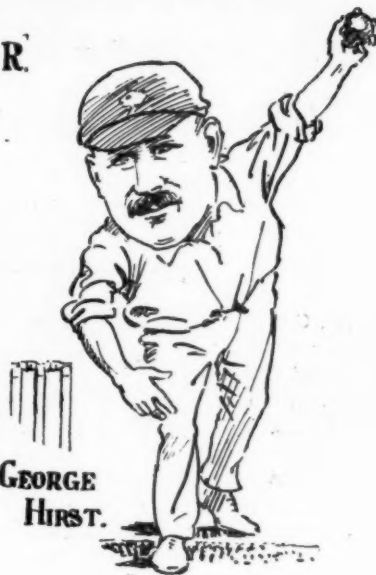
For every ill my novels find a cure;
Don't hesitate to send and ask for
Moore.

GEORGE R.
SIMS.



Though cares of State should sometimes breed
despair,
I'll answer that you never lose your hair.

GEORGE
HIRST.



Should cricket ever tempt the Royal nerve,
Command me for a lesson how to swerve.



GEORGE
ALEXANDER.

My playhouse, like your Court, is at St. James;
High tailoring I offer, and high aims.



GEORGE
EDWARDES.

I've Viennese delights to charm the ears,
And oh, such pretty wives for England's
peers.



Monarch or peasant, 'tis the same to me:
Counsel for both I've ready—fluent, free.

THE KING'S GEORGES.

GEORGE W.E.
RUSSELL



Prepare to hold your sides while I emit
The very flower of other people's wit.



GEORGE
ROBEY.

To all who would invade your Royal peace
Three words have I—"Desist," "Refrain"
and "Cease."



GEORGE
WYNDHAM.

Whatever you wish of brilliance—speech
or sonnet,
Eloge or essay—Crichton II. is on it.

GEORGE
GRAY.



Fear Revolution not, O Sire! Instead,
Acquire my art of scroffing off the Red.

GEORGE
NATHANIEL,
LORD CURZON.



Pro-consuls in retirement have their leisure;
Ask me for any help; 'tis yours with pleasure.



SIR GEORGE
FRAMPTON.

Pan for your Royal Park I re-create;
Groups neatly executed while you wait.



LLOYD GEORGE.

THE KING'S GEORGES.



Mr. Seymour Hicks's Double will provide Super-wives for all eligible Peers.



Mr. C. P. Little, Connoisseur of Smartness, points out all the Best People in the House.

13. Mr. SEYMOUR HICKS (not in his own person, he being in a distant part of the Empire, but through the medium of a counterfeit understudy) will illustrate the working of his matrimonial agency, and execute any orders he may receive from the bachelor Peerage.

14. Mr. C. P. LITTLE, Smart Set Expert to *The Daily Mail*, will oblige any member of the audience who wishes the record of his presence to be read next morning at their breakfast tables by a million consumers of Standard Bread.

15. Mr. Cyril Maudekin and Madame Pavlova Wiggs of the Cabbaggio Patch will give their popular Danse Tobacconale.

16. Mr. HUGH CHISHOLM, Editor of *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, will make an appearance prepared to recite the menus of the one-hundred-and-fifty dinners he has given to the contributors to his massive Opus. This item, however, will be taken as read—on India Paper.



Mr. Cyril Maudekin in his Danse Tobacconale.

17. Mr. Punch will present a series of Animated Pictures under the general title

If they had lived in the days of Good King George.

It has been widely felt that many famous Historical Episodes would take on an entirely new aspect if they could be re-enacted under present conditions. Great disabilities have notoriously been suffered by distinguished people through living in some other century than the twentieth A.D.; and from these Studies in Applied Modernity (arranged by well-known experts) it is hoped that a moral lesson may be drawn for those who are too apt to imagine that the old times were the most convenient.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

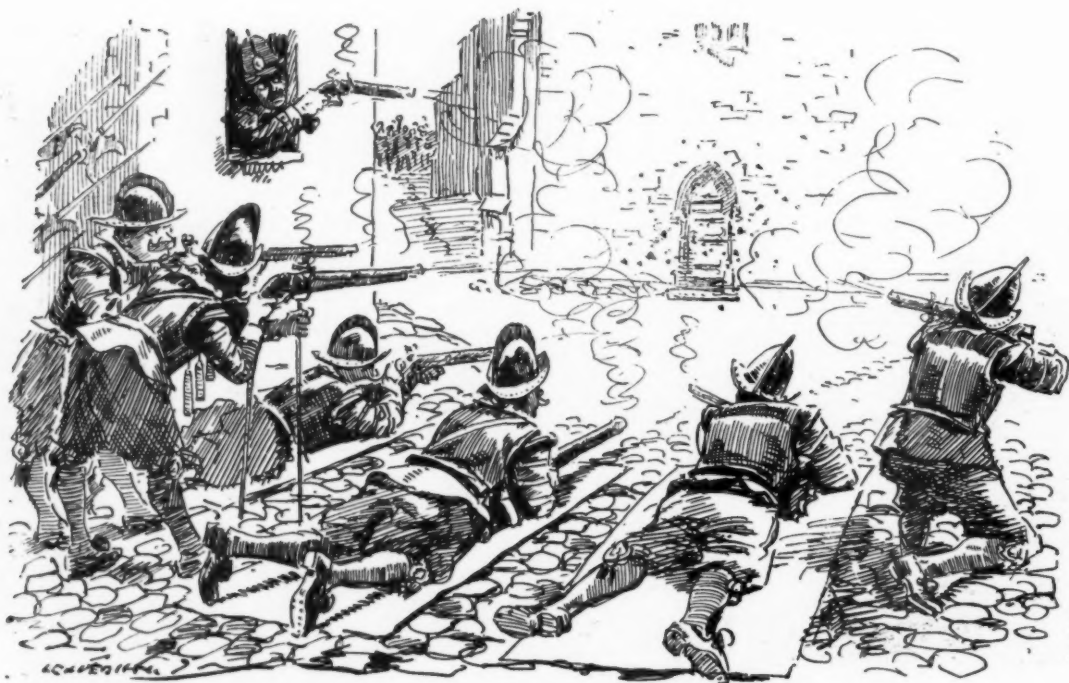


Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.



Boadicea shows 'em what WOMAN can do.

(Tableau arranged by Miss Christabel Pankhurst.)



The Siege of Guy Fawkes—Sidney Street Style.

(Tableau arranged by the Home Secretary.)

If they had lived in the days of Good King George.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.



Sir Walter Raleigh offers Queen Elizabeth a Pair of Rubbers.

(Tableau arranged by the Bolumb'a Rubber Syndicate.)



Lady Godiva rides through Coventry.

(Tableau arranged by the Bio-cinematographic Co.)

If they had lived in the days of Good King George.

These remarkable and instructive Tableaux will be followed by an

Exhibition of Coronation Claims.

All such claims come, of course, too late for recognition, but that should only add to the poignancy of their appeal.

18. Sir HENRY HOWORTH, author of certain works on The Flood and Champion Letter-writer to *The Times*, will claim to ride in the Coronation Procession on a Mammoth.

19. The two Alfreds—Sir MOND and Mr. SPENDER—will claim to figure in the Coronation Procession as the Witty Westminster Wags. For an encore (if desired) Mr. ALFRED SPENDER will withdraw and Sir ALFRED MOND will sing BROWNING's pathetic passage:

"Crowns to give, and none for the brow
That looked like marble!"

20. Sir THOMAS LIPTON will claim to sail the King's Coronation Barge against all comers from Westminster to Wapping and back; and may the best boat win!

21. Mr. JOHN GALSWORTHY will claim to walk in the Coronation Procession as Justice carrying the Freedom of Wormwood Scrubs in a Silver Box.

22. Sir JOSEPH LYONS will claim to use the motto, "Ich Dien," and to carry the King's Second-best Entrée Dish in the Procession, and have the usufruct of its contents for exhibition at his chief Popular Restaurant before the chill is off. He will base his claim on the fact that he is a descendant of Richard Cœur de Lyons Soufflé, who by moderate charges defeated the Soldan of Tip in 1193.



Spender and Mond, the Witty Westminster Wags.



Sir Henry Howorth claims to ride a Mammoth in the Coronation Procession.

22. A Forecast of the Shakspeare Costume Ball.

- (a) Characters to be assumed by the Ministry;
- (b) " " " " Opposition.

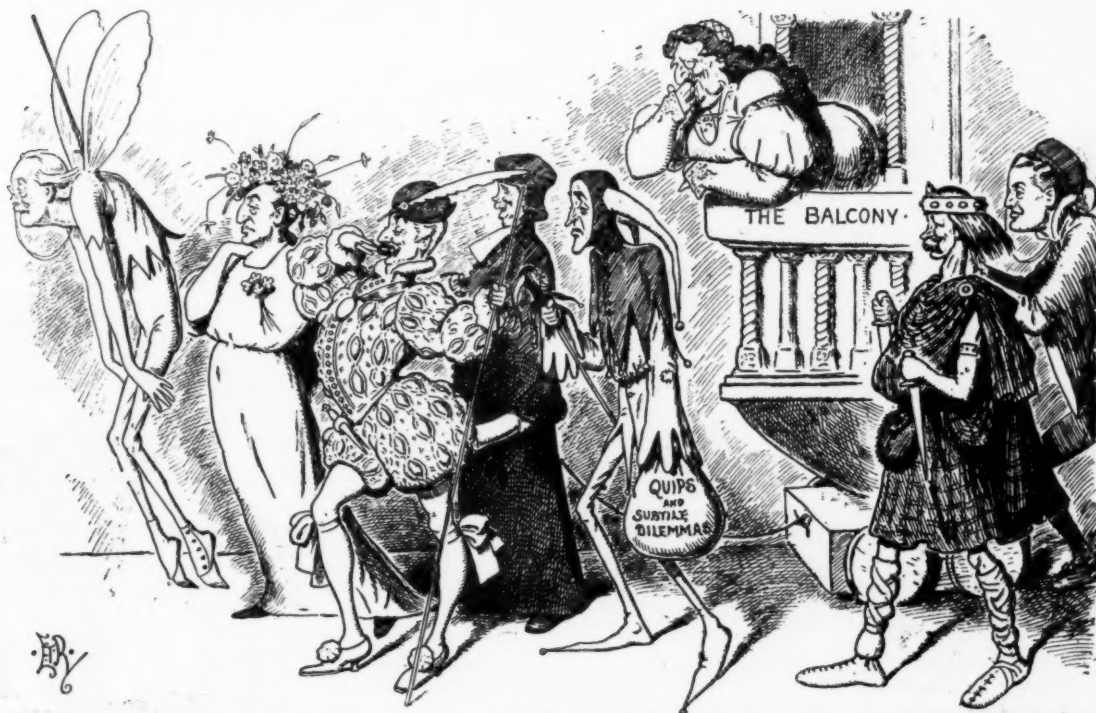


Sir Thomas Lipton claims to sail the King's Barge against all comers; and may the best boat win!

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.



His Majesty's Ministry. From left to right:—Lord Loreburn (Wolsey), Mr. Lloyd George (Shylock), Mr. Harcourt (Malvolio), Mr. Churchill (Henry V.), Mr. McKenna (Romeo), Sir E. Grey (Hamlet), Lord Haldane (Lady Macbeth), Mr. Asquith (Titania)



His Majesty's Opposition. From left to right:—Mr. Balfour (Ariel), Sir E. Carson (the O'Phelia), Mr. Wyndham (Osric), Mr. G. Cave (Portia), Mr. F. E. Smith (Touchstone), Mr. Chaplin (Juliet), Mr. Bonar Law (Macbeth), Mr. Austen Chamberlain (Prince Hal).

A Forecast of the Shakspeare Costume Ball.

Supper Interval.

During the Interval, while supper is being served to the audience in paper-bags, Lady GROVE will talk on "Polite Eating"; Sir EDWARD ELGAR will conduct his Band of Hope and Glory; Mr. CHARLES FROHMAN will continue to "present" nobody; and Mr. ARTHUR BOURCHIER will grow a beard.



The Editor of "The Daily Mail" as Sweet Peaseblossom in "A Midsummer Day's Boom."



Mr. Maurice Hewlett, as Chief Jongleur, sings the Chanson de Rowland Ward's Jongle.

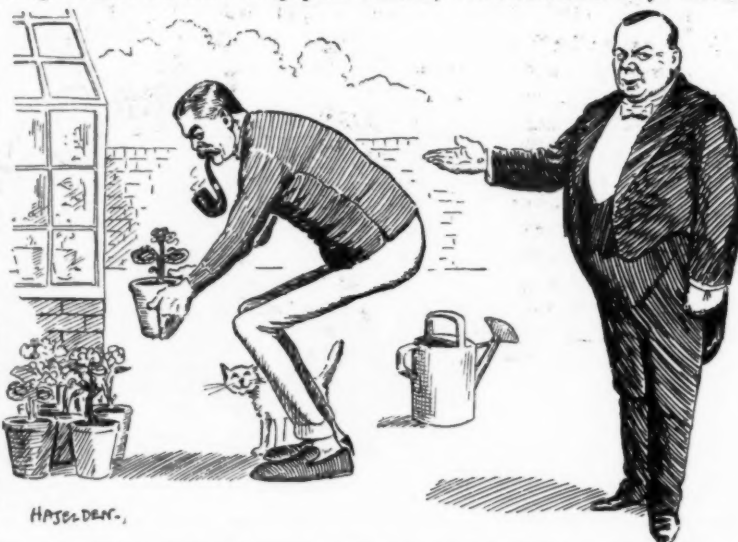
24. The Editor of *The Daily Mail* will give an extract from his popular creation, "A Midsummer Day's Boom" in which he will appear in the part of Sweet Peaseblossom.

25. Mr. MAURICE HEWLETT, as the leading Jongleur of the day, will sing the Chanson de Rowland Ward's Jongle.

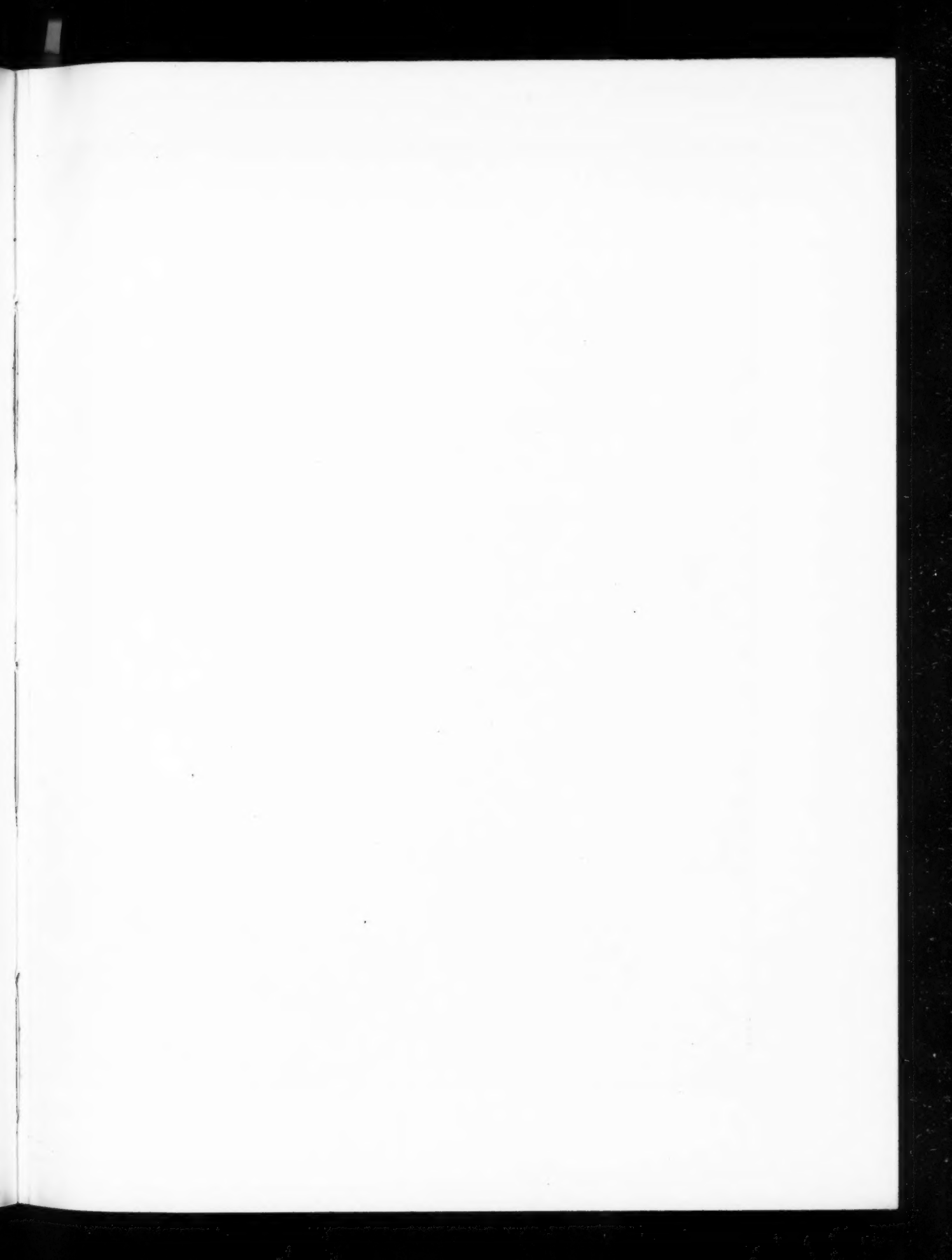
26. Lord HALDANE will introduce Lord KITCHENER in the Garden Scene from the famous sketch: "How England finds Work for her Greatest Men."

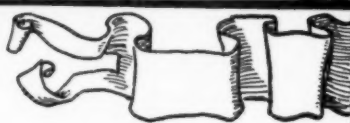
27. Ghosts of the Past re-visiting London for the Coronation.

These four affecting episodes do not differ greatly in motive from those to be displayed at an earlier part of the programme, and will illustrate the embarrassment or other sensation which would almost inevitably be experienced



Lord Haldane introduces Lord Kitchener in the Garden Scene from "How England finds Work for her Greatest Men."





The Arming of
FORTITUDE · WISDOM · J



g of the King.
DOM JUSTICE PEACE.



Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.



Ethelred the Unready causes an Obstruction at a Tube Booking Office.



Caxton is overcome by one of the familiar Objects of our Streets.



Richard III., having offered his Kingdom for a Horse, can get nothing but a Taxi.



Dan Chaucer unfortunately misses the Canterbury Excursion Train.

Ghosts of the past re-visit London for the Coronation.

Punch, or the London Charivari, June 7, 1911.

or created by the heroes of distant ages on coming into contact with the developments that have taken place in London since their time—in the event, itself improbable, of their being in a position to return to their former haunts.

28. Mr. WILLIAM WILLETT, of the Daylight-Saving Scheme, will sing his strenuous song—

"My friend Jones arranged with me
To wake him up at half-past three."

29. Sir ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE will play an exhibition three-ball (captive) match with JACK SHERLOCK and Mr. HOLMES, late of the Education Office.

30. Following almost immediately upon the exit of Mr. HOLMES, Mr. RUNCIMAN will perform his staggering feat of "Squaring the Circular."

31. Mr. MAX BEERBOHM, Mr. MAX PEMBERTON, Sir HERBERT MAXWELL, Dr. MACNAMARA, Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL, Sir HIRAM MAXIM, and Mr. LEO MAXSE, having been gazetted, for Coronation purposes, as the Seven Macs, will sing in unison Wordsworth's poem on this hallowed numeral.

32. Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR will introduce his famous troupe of Cecilians, and Lord Ugo will undertake to bite off the ear of any member of the Cabinet who cares to come up on to the stage for this purpose.

33. Mr. GILBERT CHESTERTON, Lord MICHELHAM, Mr. EUGENE WASON and Sir EDWARD POYNTER will dance a solemn Pavane. In the event of an encore Lord MICHELHAM will reappear alone and give his famous serio-comic rendering of ROBERT BURNS's eulogy of the proletariat—

"The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that."

34. Lord HOWARD DE WALDEN will appear in his amusing monologue, "The Draper's Assistant" (after the late DAN LENO).

35. Eight well-known Harley Street physicians will illustrate the dietetic value of Standard Oil, showing how its health-giving properties enable even a sardine to live beautifully for days with its head off. The title of their exhibition will be "Grace in the Grease." During this turn, Earl WINTERTON, to mark the festal occasion by an act of self-effacement, will appear behind the scenes as a "shout off."

36. At 3.0 A.M., whether the programme is completed or not, Mr. Punch will bring the proceedings to a close with a brief Epilogue, in which he will embody a toast. For the purpose of this toast, Sir SHERBET BEERBOHM TREE, supported by his company of Shakspeare Revivalists, will dispense midsummer iced drinks.



Sir Sherbet Beerbohm Tree dispenses midsummer iced drinks.

The Alcoholic Department will be under the management of Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC, attired as Chief Cellarer in non-particoloured hose.

Epilogue.

Well, you've had the whole concern—
And, if here and there a turn
Fell comparatively flat,
We must not complain of that,
Seeing that it so occurred
No performer "got the bird."
Thank you, then, for this. And now,
Ere I make my final bow—
Only one more bow at most—
Let us drink a loyal toast
(It will look a trifle neater
Put into another metre):
"THE KING, God bless him! *Vivat*
Rex!" And Greater
Britain will echo, "*Vivat Rex et*
Imperator!"

"THE DAILY EVENING'S" PRIZE CORONATION ODE.

BALHAM MAN WINS FIRST PLACE.

THE entry for this competition has been gratifying in the extreme. Five thousand and seventy-seven odes have been sent in, and naturally the task of adjudication has been no easy one. Perhaps a short statement as to our method of arriving at the final verdict will be of interest to our readers. In the first place the entries were gone through by a trained cashier, who extracted the postal orders and consigned to the waste-paper basket those which did not comply with this trifling but necessary formality. That done, and the money safely lodged in the bank, the senior office-boy (a bright lad and a leading authority on the Cinematographic Drama) was entrusted with the preliminary weeding out. Acting upon instructions, he carefully separated those of loyal and patriotic sentiment from those which displayed Anarchistic leanings, and further reduced the number of "possibles" by rejecting those containing French rhymes—the conductors of this competition being firmly of the opinion that entries of strictly all-British workmanship alone should be considered. A printer's reader next glanced through the residuum with an eye to grammar and spelling, and by this means a final batch of fifty was reserved for the judges' examination. For this difficult and responsible function we were fortunate enough to secure the services of Lord FROHMAN and Sir IMRE KIRALFY.

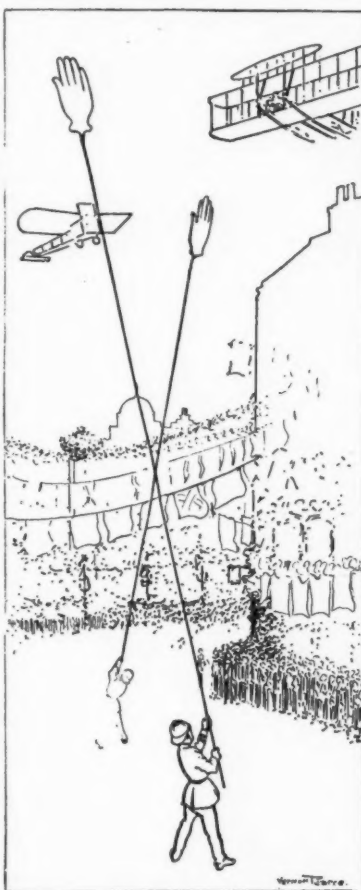
One of the most serious reproaches levelled against English literature in recent years has at last been rolled away, and that in the most decisive and incontrovertible fashion. For some time past we have had it dinned into our ears, both in and out of season, that our poets are dead. We have no hesitation in affirming that the present year, crowded as it is likely to be with political and other events of the first importance, will be remembered by posterity chiefly as the year of the great poetic renaissance in Great Britain and her dependencies.

It must not, of course, be supposed that all the entries reached the high-water mark attained by the winning ode, printed below. A very large number, however, exhibited here and there distinct gleams of genius. It is difficult, for instance, to imagine anything at once more simple and arresting than the following, the opening verse of an ode that comes all the way from the Solomon Islands:—

From Finsbury to Fiji,
From Clapham to Cawnpore,
We hail thee King and (D.G.)
India's Emperor.

Of very considerable merit was the work of another Colonial competitor, in which, however, there was a little too much sacrifice of dignity for the sake of effective rhyming, as in the following:—

Let the cheers echo from coast unto coast;
Britons, your loyalest hullabaloo raise!
Utter the loudest of "Hips," and the most
Frenzied of "Ho-rais"!



A SUGGESTION TO AID THE POLICE IN CARRYING OUT THE RECENT ORDER TO EXCLUDE AERONAUTS FROM THE CORONATION ROUTE.

The word "hullabaloo" is perhaps hardly the right term for the expression of a nation's patriotic fervour.

From a lady competitor comes a tender poem giving utterance to the feelings of her sex towards the KING in his quality of naval officer. There is a subtle reminiscence of a popular ballad in the lines:—

Of British girlhood's heart thou art the gaoler,
For all our nicest maidens love a sailor.

And there are some fine moments in

the ode which, headed "To George V.: A Regalia Rhapsody," opens thus:—

What is the crown we crown thee with to-day,
Whose brilliance fairly takes our breath away!
A golden circlet set with handsome
Gems, each of which is worth a royal ransom.

The corrective bathos in the last line is very convincing. The only other poem we have space to mention is one whose prolixity is but partially atoned for by flashes of inspiration in such lines as—

George for his England, England for her George!
and

The pyrotechnics of a people's pride.

After deep consideration we have awarded the first prize to Mr. J. Milton Slopp, of 725, Laurel Avenue, Balham, S.W., whose fine achievement is here given:—

GEORGE, through thy Empire's boundless
tra ts

All eyes to-day are turned on thee
And on the interesting facts
Connected with thy pageantry.

When from thy crowning thou art come,
And all the solemn pomp is o'er,
The telegraphic wires will hum
As they have never hummed before.

And then a hundred million throats,
Making the world-wide welkin ring,
Will loyally essay the notes
That summon Heav'n to save the King.

On thee our steadfast gaze we fix;
And in thine honour for to-day
Britons confound their politics
And brush their differences away.

No talk of People *versus* Peers,
Of those who toil and those who slack;
Dustman and Duke unite their cheers
And slap each other on the back.

And after—when the flags are furled,
And all the festive trappings down—
Shall England then confront the word
More bravely for thy kingly crown?

Oh, yes—a thousand times, oh, yes!
For through the Empire's breath and
length

This day hath shown that we possess
A wealth of union, which is strength.

This be thy rôle, then, royal GEORGE,
To bind the folk together fast
With loving fetters, and to forge
Links that are warranted to last.

Let not the head we crown to-day
Walk in the paths of horrid strife;
Wear in thy buttonhole alway
The sweet-pea of a peaceful life.

The very large expenses of conducting the competition having been deducted from the entrance fees, the rest of the money goes to the prize-winner, to whom a cheque of an appropriate value will be sent in due course.

From a parish hymn-sheet:—

"God save the King!

Not to be taken away."

We, too, are all against the kidnapping
of His MAJESTY.

BLANCHE'S LETTERS.

A CORONATION SEASON.

Park Lane.

DEAREST DAPHNE,—The Coronation feeling in everybody is showing itself in fancy dress. This is quite and altogether a fancy-dress season. Everybody who is anybody must be always dressing up as somebody else! The regulation fancy-dress dance is always with us, of course; but we *coronate* by giving, in addition, fancy-head dinners, domino suppers, *thés poudrés*, and guess-who-I-am lunches. Oh, and if you please, my dear, the first fancy-dress wedding has made its bow—Lord Oldpark's to Hypatia B. Blogg of Pittsburg. St. Agatha's was simply packed, and it went with a bang. Oldpark was *screamingly* well got up as a slot-machine. "A Million in the Slot" was written across him, and, when they came to the part of the service where the ring is wanted, instead of the best man producing it as usual, Hypatia herself, whose white satin gown was made to look like a roll of dollar bills, worked the Million-in-the-Slot machine and got out the wedding ring in the regular way.

Your own Blanche is responsible for the *very* latest thing in costume functions—*c'est-à-dire*, fancy-dress church services. I want to persuade the Rector of St. Agatha's to preach to us as Friar Bacon, or St. Augustine, or one of those old-time preachers, and we would all come as Canterbury pilgrims, or something. I mean to coax the dear bishop to allow it. I shall put it to him that people are always complaining of the empty churches in town, that he *must* want to see them filled, and that the way of ways to have them full to the brim is to let us have fancy-dress services on Sunday!

Of all the Coronation dances, so far, the big costume affair (under the patronage of both, or I suppose I ought to say *all*, political parties) at the Gorgeous Galleries was easily first. Beryl Clarges took charge of the quadrille of Typical British Peeresses. She told me she felt a bit awkward at being the only Englishwoman in it, and that the others seemed to look on her as by way of being an intruder!

In the Little England quadrille a quite new figure was introduced, called *Toeing the Line*. It made a big sensation. It's a difficult figure, and I hear they've been practising it for some time; but they certainly did it very well—to a queer tune called "Shillelagh's a-walkin'."

On dit that the Bullyon-Bounder-

mere woman has been to a certain Minister and asked that, if a new batch of peers is to be created, Mr. B.-B. may be one of them. She says he's prepared to give something enormous to the party funds, and to make himself generally useful in the Upper Chamber in shoving things on or holding them back, wouldn't want any veto, and wouldn't even mind being *abolished*, when once he'd got his title! But the offer only holds good *before* the Coronation, as they both want to be present.

Another item of Coronation gossip is that *The New York Trumpeter* has offered Lord Needmore £100,000 for the use of his name, robes and coronet on the 22nd of June for their representative, as they want an absolutely first-hand account from a peer's point of view. And Lord N. is not the only one to have such an offer. It's to be hoped that all the American pressmen will wait for the supreme moment in the ceremony, and not put on their coronets too soon!

The huge number of visitors in London this season has made the taking about of parties quite a little rage. Kiddy Vavasour, Norty's younger brother, who's very nice and very clever, but a fearful pauper, poor boy, saw his way to make a bit out of the epidemic of expert guides and conducted parties. "Museums and historic buildings are all very well," he said, "but for one person who wants to know what's what and where's where, there are *thirty* who want to know who's who; and I'm their man!" And, my dear, he takes great gangs of queerities to the Park and to Ranelagh and to Hurlingham during the day, and in the evenings fixes up with hostesses to take them to parties, ranges them round the walls in the dancing-rooms and tells them who everybody is, marches them through the supper-rooms, points out which of the people are on diet and oughtn't to *touch* the things they're gobbling up and predicts what form of indy they're likely to have next day, and lets them peep into the sitting-out places, telling them which couples have *no right whatever* to be murmuring and cooing in a *solitude à deux*! His fee is immensely enormous (each of the hostesses whose houses he takes his crowd to expects something), but he's *overwhelmed* with business and simply *coining* money!

Such fancy prices are being offered for town houses just now that a great many people can't afford to stay in their own, and as, of course, they've got to be somewhere in the neighbourhood, they've gone into lodgings. The Middlesbires have let Middleshire

House for £5,000 a week, and gone to lodge at a place called Holloway. Then the Needmores, the Sangazurs, the De Stoneyvilles, and several others have let their houses in Berkgrave and the other squares, and gone to live at Peckham and Camberwell. They charter a motor-bus among them, which brings them to town every day and takes them back every night—or morning, as it may happen.

Pity me, my dearest! Some of Josiah's relations have come from the uttermost ends of the earth to coronate, and are staying here. They're stout and red, and want to "see everything" and to "enjoy themselves"; in short, they're much about what Josiah was before Somebody took him in hand. Their vocab. includes such phrases as "the height of fashion," and "sumptuous entertainments!" But the worst thing about them is that they remember Josiah when he was a boy and are fond of talking of those pre-historic days. I bore it till reason tottered on her throne, and then I told them, "*Memory*, socially speaking, is bad form. In other words, *remembering is not done*—except when *written* in the shape of memoirs that *will sell*. Just as people keep their *money* and *valuables* at the *banker's*, so they keep their *memories* at the *publisher's*."

Just a little story of Hugo Daubeny, the Flummerys' artist cousin. I found myself next him at dinner the other night, and he asked me what I thought of the Academy show. I said I never went there, but that people said it was a dull one, and I added, "There's no Picture of the Year, is there?" "The Picture of the Year," he growled, scowling at his plate, "is still in the cellars at Burlington House waiting to be fetched away!"

Ever thine,

BLANCHE.

"Indeed, the present year is doubly associated with the memory of Hume, for not only does it mark the lapse of ten centuries since his birth, but also the passage of a century and a half since his great history was completed."

Bombay Gazette.

A great history, indeed, even if put together a little too hurriedly.

"The part which the school children of Edinburgh are to play in the celebrations connected with the Royal visit to Edinburgh was discussed yesterday. . . . It was remarked at yesterday's meeting that if 30,000 children were present, that would be the equivalent of the Scottish Army at Bannockburn."— *Scotsman*.

We wonder who it was who thought of that tactful comparison. It looks as if somebody had been reading about Bannockburn that afternoon, and had to bring it in at all costs.

CHARIVARIA.

We have no complaint to make in regard to the Coronation; but, fond as we are of these functions, we trust that it will be many many years before we have another.

We understand that while KING GEORGE and QUEEN MARY are, with characteristic kindness, determined to do their best, they will find it quite impossible to look like *all* the portraits of themselves which are being given away with the various Coronation Numbers.

This wonderful year! We already have Coronation Exhibitions, Coronation Bibles, Coronation Dances, and, for all we know, Coronation Dog Fights, and now, in addition to these, it seems there is to be a Coronation Ceremony at Westminster Abbey.

The Coronation Ceremony, by-the-way, promises to be the most successful function of the year. In addition to a host of notabilities, the KING and QUEEN have promised to be present.

In the regulations as to the dresses which Members' wives may wear in the Abbey, "considerable latitude," we read, "is allowed." We should have thought that this would lead to much undesirable over-crowding.

A proposal has been made that every helpless little baby born on the 22nd inst. shall be named Coronation. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children has the matter in hand.

The KING's wish is Law even to-day, and we are glad to hear that HIS MAJESTY's desire that an extra week's holiday shall be given to the boys and girls in all schools in honour of the Coronation, is being accepted cheerfully by the entire juvenile population of the country, even though they realise that it may interfere somewhat with the course of their studies.

The police regulation, that all lights in connection with illuminations shall be put out by 12.30 on the morning following Coronation Day presses somewhat hardly on some persons. For example, a lady living at Peckham had, before the regulation was issued, paid extra for her fairy lamp, on the understanding that it would keep alight until 1.30.

We have a large amount of sympathy with Mr. BENNETT GOLDNEY, M.P., who suggested that, as each Member having



A CHEAP SEAT FOR THE CORONATION.

"'E'S THAT LOYAL THERE'S NO 'OLDIN' 'IM. SEE THE PERCESSION HE WILL—SO I'M PATCHIN' 'IM UP A SEAT FOR IT."

a wife, an unmarried sister, or a daughter, receives an invitation to the Coronation for one such relative, an equal privilege should be extended to those who have no wife, unmarried sister, or daughter, but who have a mother. We consider it of the highest importance, in these days of dwindling population, to hold out inducements to persons to have mothers.

At the Coronation Costume Ball, which is to be held at the Botanical Gardens on June 16th, there is to be an interesting innovation. Mr.

GRAHAME-WHITE is to fly in his aeroplane from Hendon in costume to attend the function. The success of the innovation will depend to some extent on whether the distinguished airman alights on a glass-house or not.

The announcement that Mr. EVE has had a hand in designing the stamps to be issued on Coronation Day has led to a stupid rumour that they will bear a representation of Britannia in the costume of a Classical Dancer.

MR. PUNCH'S CORONATION PROCESSION REPRESENTING ALL CLASSES OF HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS.



GRAND MASSES BAND OF REPRESENTATIVE MUSICIANS.



A MEMBER OF THE ARISTOCRACY.



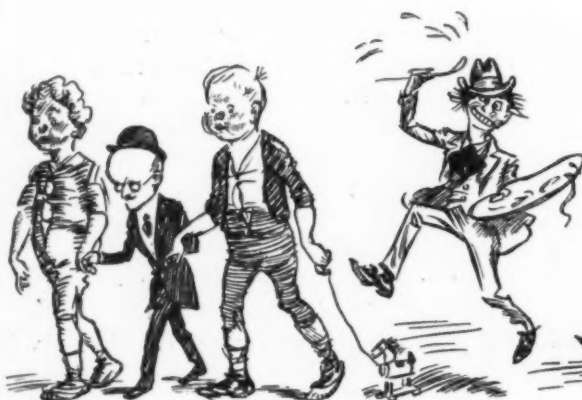
VOTARIES OF FASHION.



EMBLYO DITTO.

BLOODS.

SPORTING DITTO.



CARMELITE, LEADING STANDARD
BREAD-IED BOYS.



POST-IMPRESSIONIST.



MINX.



BEAUTIES OF THE BALLROOM.

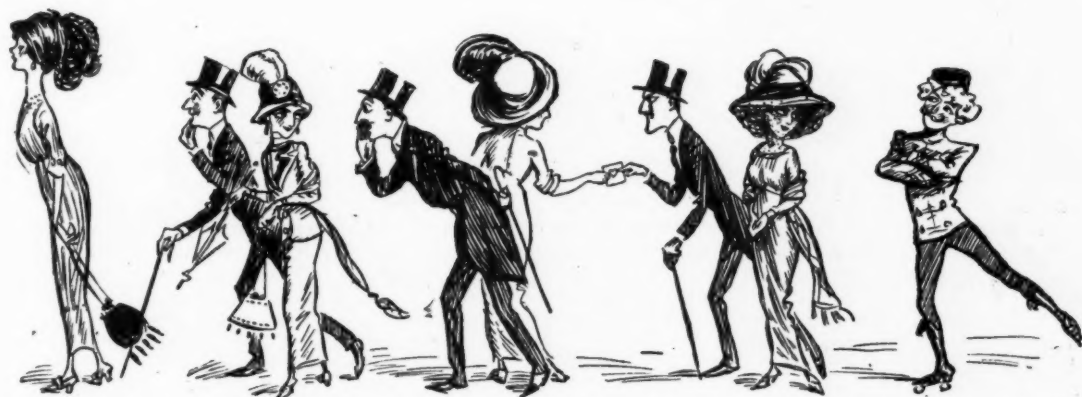
MR. PUNCH'S CORONATION PROCESSION—(CONTINUED).



CONTINGENT FROM THE SERVICE CLUBS.

CONTINGENT FROM THE LADIES' CLUBS.

MERCHANT PRINCE.



MUSICAL COMEDY.

CONTINGENT OF THE SMART SET (IN DOUBLE HARNESS).

OLYMPIAN GOD.



HUMORIST.

A LADY WHO WON'T
BE IGNORED.

ODDS AND ENDS.

—JAMES BARTON

LINING THE "ROWTE."

(Voices in the Crowd.)

Burly Farmer. Looky 'ere, Jonas, when they coom by, can 'ee get Moother up on thy shoulder, lad?

Jonas (also burly). Noa, Feyther, that I can't! My arms are fast to me sides, like a goose in th' oven.

Mother (from the depths). I'm all right, Feyther, don't 'e fash about me. I can hear th' music fine. 'Tis our Geordie matters more nor what I do. What can 'ee see, Geordie?

Our Geordie (also in the depths). Nowt but hats. I'm that dry, me tongue 's like a hay-rake.

Burly Farmer. Suck one of them "thirst-squenchers" I bought you, m'lad.

Our Geordie. Can't, Feyther. They're in me pocket.

Haughty Feminine Voice (from back). Will you let me come through he-ah, please! Kindly let me pass he-ah, please! Constable! Make a way he-ah for us to pass. Our seats are on the stand opposite.

Constable. Too late, Madam. You can't cross the road now.

Haughty Feminine Voice. Oh, but that 's absurd; the seats cost me fifteen guineas!

Constable. Can't help that, Madam. You should have come earlier.

Local Humourist. Only one man could get you to them seats now, Lidy. *Haughty Feminine Voice.* And who is that?

Local Humourist. Grihame-White in 'is Airyoplane. An' he can't, either, cos it 's against the law.

Haughty Feminine Voice (to rest of party). It 's no use stopping he-ah—we must try further down, de-ahs.

Rest of Party (in depressed assent). Yes, de-ah. It 's no use stopping he-ah.

Laundry Lady. I've bin standin' six hours, an' I've stood six hours for all these 'ere royalty shows, but I never see one yet—because when the people shout "Here they come" I get that excited I always do a faint.

Friend (clear starcher, in violet hat with feathers). Wot a silly! It 's no use fainting, now-a-days, when they takes you out into a backstreet. There useter be some sense in it when they shoved you up to the front and let you set on the curb along with the sodjers.

Pessimist (in the fifth row). Will the lady in the violet hat kindly take it off and give the people behind her a chance of seeing something else?

Clear Starcher (shamelessly employing an ancient jibe). Certainly, Mister, if you 'll tie your ears back an' give the people be'ind you a chance of seeing something else.

Pessimist (sarcastically). You are in the wrong place here, Madam. You ought to be in the Abbey with those plumes on.

Clear Starcher. So are you, Mister. You ought to be in the Zoo with them ears on.

Local Humourist. Fellow sardines, let's 'ave peace in the tin. The lidy wants 'er 'at on so as the Queen can see it, and the gent wants 'is ears loose so as 'e can keep the flies orf.

Inventive Genius (right at the back, with his fiancée and his fiancée's aunt). Now we'll just stop here at our leisure and lean against these railings. No crushing, no heat, no bother, quite happy and comfortable.

Fiancée's Aunt. That 's all very well, Herbert, but we can't see anything.

Fiancée. But we shall, Auntie, when Herbert has fitted his little invention together. Tell her all about it, dearie.

Inventive Genius. Why, you see—this brown paper parcel under my arm contains the sections of my patent collapsible stand, which, when dovetailed together, forms a small raised platform capable of holding three persons at a pinch, and supporting four hundredweight, and—

Fiancée (interposing enthusiastically). And, you see, just before the procession comes by he can fit it together in three minutes; we just stand on it, see the whole procession go by in perfect comfort, and then just wrap it up again and walk quietly home.

Fiancée's Aunt. How very clever of you, Herbert!

Small Girl (in front row). Will I see more 'n one Queen—eh, Mar? Will she 'ave a gold crown on 'er 'ed—eh, Mar? If I wives my 'enkerchief to 'er will she wive 'er 'endkerchief to me—eh, Mar?

Mar. Shut up yer row! (Turns viciously to scholastic-looking spectator behind.) Will you take your umbereller 'andle out of my back, Sir—you didn't ought to bring a numbereller in a crowd like this—you 'll be doing somebody a injury.

Scholastic Spectator. Excuse me, madam; the pressure you refer to, which from my cramped position I am unable to avoid, is caused, not by an umbrella handle, but by my elbow.

Mar. Well, if that 's yer elbow—they've let you out of the 'orspital too soon, that 's all I can say!

(Strains of music heard approaching, and sounds of cheering. Shouts of "Here they come!") *Laundry lady promptly faints with excitement and is handed out to the rear. The crowd sways*

forward. Mounted policemen, backing their horses, assist it to the curb again with more energy than respect.)

Burly Farmer (hoisting up Geordie in frenzied grip). Theer, lad, look at the sojers with the muffs on their 'eds—look at the faithful Injuns and the bands o' music. You be 'aving a rare time in Lunnun among all the kings and queens—bain't 'ee, lad?

Geordie (gloomily extracting a thirst-squencer from his pocket). I'd rather be ringing the pigs.

Confused Voices. "Oo 's the bloke on the white 'orse?" "Why, that 's the German Emperor!" "No, it ain't—it 's Kitchener." "Not it—that 's Lloyd George; I see 'is eye a-twinkling."

Inventive Genius (hastily dovetailing the last section of his invention). Come on up, now—you first, darling; now your aunt.

Fiancée. That 's splendid! Come on, auntie. Are you up too, dearie? Ou! Ou!! Ou!!!

(Collapsible stand collapses prematurely and precipitates its occupants on to the back row of the crowd.)

Crowd. Hooray, hooray. There 's the King and Queen—God bless 'em. Hooray, hooray!

Pessimist. I told you this was the worst position on the whole rowte—I can't see anything whatever, and I've lost my hat.

Local Humourist. Nor more can't I. What 's odds! Hooray, hooray! Give 'em a cheer, mate! Wot do you want your 'at for?

Pessimist (in spite of himself). Only to throw it up in the air. Hooray, hooray, hooray!!!

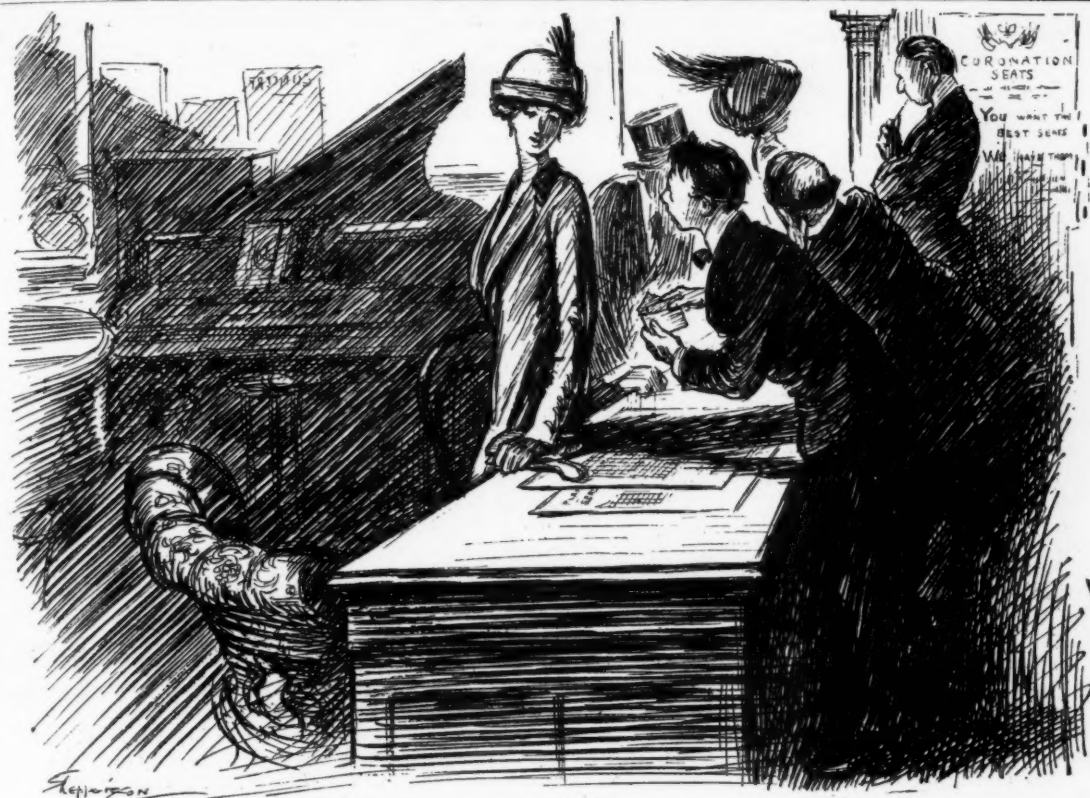
"The King and Queen have graciously accepted a cake from the Food and Cookery Association."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

It is rumoured that this oblation was to have been reserved for Their MAJESTIES' refreshment during the Coronation procession, but that the existence of the cake came within the cognisance of the Junior Members of the Royal Family, who exercised an intelligent anticipation.

From a catalogue:—

"KINGLAKE (A. W.) Invasion of the Crimes, Its origin, and Account of the Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan, with plans of battles. The unrivalled beauty of the Scenery of the Lake Districts of England is nowhere so fully and consecutively illustrated as in this exceedingly beautiful work."

The author seems to have been unnecessarily discursive.



Lady (at Ticket Bureau, buying seats for the Coronation Procession). "OH, I WONDER IF THE TREES IN THE TERRACE WILL PREVENT OUR SEEING PROPERLY?"

Youth. "YOU NEED HAVE NO FEAR, MADAM; THE TREES WILL ALL BE CUT DOWN FOR THE DAY."

THE EYESORE.

[Addressed to Charles, who proposes to see the Coronation Procession with me—urging him to loyalty.]

CHARLES, at this hour of pageantry and ermine,
When soon the royal crown (remember that)
Shall rest on England's King, you must determine
To pension off that piece of mouldy mat;
This is a resolution I am firm in—
Charles, you must buy a hat.

In some dim long-ago, as I imagine it,
In days of stress and hardihood and fight,
It may be, with a crest or else a badge in it,
The morion you wear was new and bright;
Yes, at the crowning of the first Plantagenet,
It may have looked all right.

And later, when the land was rent asunder,
And monarchs swam through gore their crowns to win,
On some bold baron's head, creating wonder,
It had its place, although the fur was thin,
And by some strange, discreditable blunder
Nobody bashed it in.

Circa the little trouble of the Roses
It may have seemed a useful sort of tile
For Coronations after battle-closes,
Roughened and scarred with use, and bare of pile:
But now, when Albion's realm at peace reposes,
Charles, it is not the style.

Out of what show-case, with nefarious lever,
From what museum, or what midnight troth
Making with broomstick hag, the baleful weaver,
You got it, goodness knows. What was its growth?
Is it a silk hat, Charles, or is it beaver?
Probably bits of both.

Give it away, Charles. Give it to the vendor
Of rags and bones, or sit on it, or hoof
It up and down, or burn it in the fender.
Shall it be said that garb of golden wool,
The gowns of peeresses, the Life Guards' splendour
Were spoilt by Charles's roof?

Shall History relate with heartfelt sorrow,
What time the links of truth she comes to forge,
That midst the cheering on that splendid morrow
Were hoots from England's aggravated gorge?
That one old stove-pipe hat impaired the Coro-
nation of good KING GEORGE? EVOE.

Already worn-out with the strain of preliminary festivities and the general buzziness of London, many people are intending to seek the repose of Paris during the actual Coronation week. The rumour that the KING and QUEEN are among this number is fortunately without foundation.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

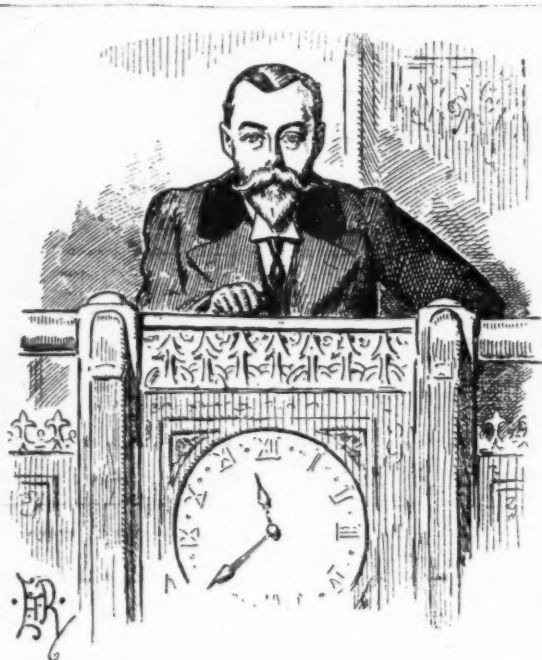
FANCY that among possible regrets accompanying change of high estate KING GEORGE V. looks back to former opportunities of being present at debates in this House. What was permissible to the PRINCE OF WALES is forbidden to the SOVEREIGN. Forbidden perhaps too strong a word, for if HIS MAJESTY pleased there is no reason why he might not, upon occasion, return to old quarters in gallery over the clock. Still the procedure would be long unprecedented. The last time a King of England entered the House of Commons was when CHARLES I. came a-looking for the Five Members who had affronted his authority. HIS MAJESTY on that occasion literally "took the chair," having with half apology temporarily dispossessed the SPEAKER. Since that historic day there has been sort of prejudice against incursion of the Sovereign on floor of House.

His present MAJESTY, as PRINCE OF WALES, was a visitor as welcome as his appearance was frequent. Herein he inherited the habit of his father, whose genial presence beamed from the seat over the clock on all big nights in the Commons through the last twenty-five years of QUEEN VICTORIA'S reign.

It is little more than a year since KING GEORGE, all unknowing, paid his last visit to the familiar scene. It was the early spring of last year Debate turned upon the now ripened question of Veto of the Lords. In grave speech the PREMIER disputed their claim to override the will of the Commons on questions of Finance. The KING that was so soon to be listened to a powerful passage in which the PREMIER dealt with analogous case of the Veto of the Crown. He reminded his audience how the last Sovereign who exercised a privilege still unrepealed was QUEEN ANNE, and asked a question which in the presence of one of the audience seated in the Peers' Gallery had unpremeditated significance, "What would happen if QUEEN ANNE'S successor on the throne to-day followed her example?"

Like his illustrious Father, KING GEORGE, whilst still a Peer of Parliament, took keen interest in Parliamentary affairs, was personally familiar with

prominent members in both Houses, and was a model of patience in following important speeches, howsoever long. By-and-by we shall have another PRINCE OF WALES on the front Cross Bench of the House of Lords or in the seat over the clock in the Commons. He will be the third whose presence will be made familiar to the present generation. His arrival on the scene, probably following close upon attainment of his majority, is looked forward to with keen desire. It will be the renewal of a link that has long bound Parliament and the Crown in friendliest fashion.



"A VISITOR AS WELCOME AS HIS APPEARANCE WAS FREQUENT."

(His Majesty KING GEORGE, when PRINCE OF WALES, was a keen student of debate in the Peers' Gallery.)

AN URBAN ECLOGUE.

STREPHON:

How favoured are we, Phyllis,
That ours is not the age
When rustic Amaryllis
Enjoyed a rustic rage;
Her freckles and her frolics,
Her stupid swains we know—
I've read their old bucolics
(I had to years ago!).

PHYLLIS:

I haven't (thanks to heaven,
And Fraulein's easy yoke);
But still I fancy, Strephon,
I know you're tiresome folk.
Their compliments—becowslipped,
Their idylls—of the sheep,

Their wreaths—that o'er the brows
slipped

In unbecoming sleep!

STREPHON:

I picture you reclining
With cricked and aching spine,
To catch the pan-pipes whining
Beneath some draughty pine,
You, Phyllis, with your brooches
And Paris frocks, to-day
Supreme among the coaches,
Resplendent at the play!

PHYLLIS:

I simply can't imagine
You on the classic lawns,
With no Enclosure badge on,
Amid the festive fauns,
Or lounging, say, astride of
A log on summer nights,
You, Strephon, you the
pride of
The window-seat at White's!

STREPHON:

They knew not bands and
cities,
Nor streets in bunting bound;
Their bunting chirped his
ditties
When Pan came barging
round;
For in their futile, far land,
The only crownings were
When someone dumped a
garland
On someone else's hair!

PHYLLIS:

Yet sometimes, when the
dawning
Comes o'er the chimneys
tall,
I find I'm almost yawning
Half through some ripping
ball;
It's odd, but all one knows is
Just then that such things
please
As hedges and wild-roses
And buttercups and bees!

STREPHON:

Why not, then? I'll have fancies;
I too would botanise
And pick—I think they're pansies—
The blue things like your eyes,
Or down the Henley reaches
The crank canoe impel,
To lunch 'neath Shiplake beeches—
If you were there as well!

PHYLLIS:

This much then for conclusion,
I'd say small difference is
'Twixt Tommy-rot effusion
And old absurdities—
The sort your shepherd-sillies
Fired off in fatuous flow
For rustic Amaryllis,
A million years ago!

THOUGHTS OF A CORONATION
COLLAR-STUD.

June 21st.—I was sure of it. Faithful service for many years is to be rewarded. I am to be His Majesty's collar-stud to-morrow. The order has just been issued. An Earl came to the King and said, "Have you any special order, Sir, with regard to the sleeve-links and shirt-studs you will wear to-morrow?" "No," said the King promptly, "I leave all that to you. There's only one thing I insist on. I must have my old plain gold collar-stud, the one I wore when I first went to sea. It's my lucky stud, and I couldn't think of wearing any other—you know the one I mean." "Certainly, Sir," said the Earl, and the incident ended. I am now on the King's toilet-table and am apparently to stay there to-night. Is this quite safe? If I were lost could the Coronation go on? Oughtn't they to put me away in a jewel-box? But then the jewel-box might be lost. Tush! I am over-excited. Let me try to compose myself.

June 22nd, 7 A.M.—I am awake. I am still on the toilet-table. All is well so far.

8 A.M.—A valet has entered the room. He is moving towards me very softly. I hope he will be very careful. It would—There! I knew it would happen. He has knocked me off the table. I have rolled under the fender. Help! help!... The valet has not noticed my fall. What, oh what, will happen?

8.30 A.M.—The King has asked for me. The valet has fainted. Messengers are flying in every direction. The King has said again that he *must* have his lucky collar-stud; that he will wear no other. Everything is in confusion. The King is not angry: he is only calm and resolute.

8.40 A.M.—A Duke, a Marquis, two Earls, a Baron, several Equerries and a Groom-in-Waiting have come in. The Groom-in-Waiting has suggested that they should all look under the various articles of furniture.

8.45 A.M.—They are doing so. The Duke is stoutish and he breathes hard when he stoops. They have looked under the wardrobes, the chests-of-drawers, the tables—under everything except the fender. When will this agony end?

8.50 A.M.—An Equerry has suggested that they should all take their shoes off and pace over the floor in their stocking feet. Anyone, he says, who treads on the stud will be sure to know it. Suggestion adopted. They are pacing and re-pacing over the floor. The King is cheering them on—



AT "THE CORNER."

Dealer. "SHOULDN'T BE 'ERE AT ALL, AN 'ORSE LIKE THAT."

Sportsman (also a bit of a connoisseur). "QUITE RIGHT, QUITE RIGHT; OUGHT TO BE AT CHRISTIE'S AMONG THE ANTIQUES."

but, of course, all is in vain. They are becoming tired and desperate.

8.55 A.M.—The Duke has just struck his foot against the fender!

He has stopped to rub his toe!

He says to himself, "By Jove! the little beggar might be—no, it's very unlikely—still I'd better look."

He is bending to look. It is a long process.

He is looking!

He cannot see me!

He is looking again!

He has seen me! He pounces upon me!

9 A.M.—I am safely in the royal shirt-band, and everything can now proceed according to the programme. But that awful hour under the fender has taken years off my life. What shadows we are; what shadows we pursue!

"20 MILES FROM BRIGHTON.
LOVELY LITTLE GENTLEMAN'S
WEEK-END RESIDENCE."

Advt. in "Country Life."

Dear little fellow.

COCKTAIL COLLOQUIES;

OR,

ENGLISH AS SHE IS GOING TO BE SPOKE AT THE
CORONATION.

[Referring to the thousands of Americans who are preparing to be in London for the Coronation a correspondent of the Hearst News Service observes that "The argot of Broadway and Market Street will be heard in the land, from the drawing-rooms of Mayfair to the *purlieus* of the Mile End Road." Its effect upon a receptive London is here adumbrated.]

II.—MANHATTAN.

Scene: Smoking Room of the Guards' Club.

Lord Algernon Henne-Heriot. Yes, siree, Gussie has the whole push buffaloed once in a while. About the third rattle out of the box Gus corralled four bellhops and hung on. I read him wrong and started sandying for the pot with an ace stiff, and by jings! the third time I came back he calls me and lays down his little men. I nearly threw a fit when I saw them.

Captain Reggie Brasyl. Mangy little piker! I bet he had cold feet the first time you turned loose on him. It ain't up to you to kick though.

Lord Algy. Maybe not, in this case, but you can't play poker with a double tarred ball of twine round your wad. Gussie strips off the long green about as cheerfully as the teller of a country bank at the end of a three-day rush. Didn't see you at Lady Betty's Thursday.

Reggie. You're dead right, you didn't. The fair Betty's shaken little Willie for keeps ever since that baccarat squabble. Serves me right for butting in. I started to flag her in the park Sunday and she gave me a look that would have frozen the ears off a brass monkey. Talk about the glassy eye! Going to Sandown?

Lord Algy. Nit. I'm through playing the ponies now till the cows come home. What the bookies have done to me this year is a shame. Last month I was in so deep I had to crowd the old man for a couple of thousand simoleons. He went right up in the air when I started to make the touch. Beefed like a steer and talked about having to put a plaster on the Cumberland estate, and a lot more guff. I thought at first it was just a grand-stand play, but the old war-horse wouldn't reach for the kale till I'd promised not to lay a bet for a year. I hated to do it, but I had to have the dough and now it's up to me to deliver the goods.

Reggie. Wouldn't that jar you! Odds are, though, you're better off without it. I've been getting the dope on this horse stuff now for ten years and, whenever I think I've picked a sure enough live 'un and backed him for all the dinero I could muster, some rube with a broken-winded bronco bounces up and throws the harpoon into me six feet. Suffering cats! If there was only my fancy to beat you could win the St. Leger with a hand-painted hearse horse. It's a fright.

Lord Algy. It is that. Well, I got to mosey along.

Reggie. What's your hurry? Sit down and I'll buy you a drink.

Lord Algy. One little Bronx cocktail. I'll shake you for it.

Reggie. You're on. One flop horses. Etc., etc.

ALGOL.

A big detachment of Coronation troops is to be housed at St. Martin's-le-Grand. "In its former occupation as Post Office," *The Daily Mail* tells us, "the building provided accommodation for 4,000 workers, so there will be ample room for all soldiers like to be posted there." We take off our hat to our contemporary. "Posted" is happy.

THE CORONATION CHAIR.

HAPPY the bard, and privileged his lot,
Who finds some hallowed thing before his eyes
Whence the most torpid brain (which mine is not)
Rises to new thoughts which, with warm surprise,
He feels instinctively are good and wise;
These are the themes by poets held most dear;
Of such are poems made; and such, methinks, is here.

Yes, 'tis a sight no loyal eye may view
Without emotion; here the gaze is fed
With the great Stone of Scone (pronounce it *co*),
Brought from old Palestine, whereon, 'tis said,
Tired JACOB rested his nomadic head.
A fine thought this; let cavillers assert
The stone is new Scotch sandstone—what are they but dirt?

But to the Chair. The casual regard
Might hold it for its office all unmeet;
Hewn of the callous oak it is, and hard,
And unresponsive to the royal seat;
Yet, with a stern composure bad to beat,
From our first EDWARD, England's kings have sat
Here, and have here been crowned; and what d'you make
of that?

Bethink you what the chronicle relates
Of those great souls, long laid on history's shelf;
Try to imagine (never mind the dates)
All their proud line, from Norman down to Guelph;
For me, my wandering dream confines itself,
Somehow, to stout QUEEN BESS; full well I woen
Good heed the prelate took who crowned that hasty Queen.

They come, as in a mist they go; and thus
The contemplative mind must needs recall
How surely waits the dark *Mors Omnibus*,
Looming ahead, alike for great and small.
A sombre lesson this, if this were all!
But look again; look closer yet, and read;
Can those be letters? Yes. And names? They are, indeed.

O ye unknown, that have, in ages back,
Carved on the seat of kingship each his name
Or his initials, thus with happy knack
Making a bold, pathetic bid for fame,
Now after long days ye achieve your aim;
Not to the kings, ye meaner, but to ye
The minstrel turns his muse in clear apostrophe.

Not yours the royal diadem to wear;
Your state was humble as your manners low;
Yet, as we view this Coronation Chair,
Out of the mind all kingly visions go—
They fade, they perish; only we may know
Your simple toils; only the sense is gript
By these rude names of yours, rough-hewn in clumsy script.

And thus we learn that men of quiet lives
May hope not ever to remain unknown;
It is the unobtrusive that survives,
The man that shuns the light, that works alone,
Who carves his name on Time's enduring throne.
Nor is there one so lowly, one so weak,
But may attain the utmost—with sufficient cheek.

DUM-DUM.

South Africa's Coronation gift of representative animals includes some "velvet monkeys." Their British grit, however, is shown in the iron heart beneath the velvet exterior.



AT THE CENTRE OF THINGS.

"SITHA, MARY, YON'S T' HALL FOAKS OFF TE T' STATION. WHEER'LL THEY BE GOIN', THINKS THA!"
 "AW, WANDERIN' OFF TE LUNNON OR SOOMWHEER, MEBBE. BUT THEY'LL BE BACK FOR T' CORONATION."

A CORONATION NIGHTMARE.

THE morning was brilliant in Kensington Gore,
 When Emma remarked, as she called me at four,
 "The elephant's waiting for you at the door."

So I put on my slippers, one brown and one black,
 Wrapped my form in a waterproof Union Jack,
 And cautiously climbed on the elephant's back.

There were three of us there—the Archbishop and me,
 And a man with a racket, a portly Parsee
 Whose name, he informed me, was Jim Jamsetjee.

"Hurry up," said the Prelate, "or else we'll be late,
 For the dinner begins at a quarter to eight,
 And money is never returned at the gate."

So we rode and we rode, and the elephants sang,
 Beating time with their trunks, in a glutinous twang.
 An anthem of which I've forgotten the hang.

We were flying quite nobly when Jamsetjee cried,
 "My elephant says that he's punctured inside,"
 And down from the welkin proceeded to glide.

The various survivors to dinner sat down,
 But I saw the Archbishop was wearing a frown,
 For I had to reply to the toast of the Crown.

I was pleased with the duty and proud of my fame,
 And firmly determined on playing the game,
 But unluckily couldn't remember my name.

Then the mist cleared away as I rose to my feet—
 It was just at the corner of Arlington Street—
 And found myself airily clad in a sheet.

It was awkward, because the procession was due,
 And the rest of the crowd were in red, white and blue,
 And I couldn't unfasten the door of my pew.

Then I rose in my wrath and exclaimed, "Let me go.
 I am suffering from partial collapse of the toe,
 But, whatever may happen, the KING mustn't know."

There were pathos and pride in the words that I spoke,
 But a giant guffaw from the populace broke,
 And I thought they were justified—after I woke.

Headlines from two rival contemporaries:—

"ROOM FOR ALL.

LONDON'S CORONATION VISITORS."—*Daily Mail*.

"HOUSE FULL' IN LONDON.

MORE PEOPLE THAN IT WAS BUILT TO HOLD."

Daily Express.

THE CROWNING OF JAMES THE SECOND (FOOTMAN).

I WAS thinking busily of the Coronation, with a view to saying something new about it in our "Current Events" column, when I was presented with a letter to the effect that my old friend, Mrs. Parker, would be at home on Monday, 19th June, at 10.30 o'clock. "So," I wrote on a postcard, "shall I, and, with any luck, in bed." Then I went back to my thoughts. Later, I had another letter from the lady, explaining what a funny man I was and that what she had meant to convey was that they were giving a little dance to celebrate the Coronation and the coming out of their fourth daughter. "All right," I wrote, "I'll come, more because I am interested in coronations than that I have any intention of marrying the girl." On second thoughts I omitted the reference to the fourth daughter.

I tied the correspondence in a bundle and took it with me, so that I could prove that they had asked me in case of a bother at the door, and the first person I met in the ball-room was Tommy Clarke.

"Hello, Thomas," said I, "what brought you here?"

"A taxi," he replied; but I told him that was no good and, if he wanted me to publish his jokes for him, they must be about coronations.

In spite of my faultless evening dress and my stiff white shirt without spot, none of the ladies knew or seemed to want to know me. So I went up to the solitary girl by the door.

"How do you do?" I said to her. "I don't suppose you remember my face. And I'll tell you why; I don't suppose you have ever seen it before. Nevertheless I hope you like it. There! If you admire my courage, come and dance with me and tell me a funny story about the Coronation." The only funny story she could remember was that she once had a father (whom she still retained) and that father had procured seats for the procession for the whole family, including Alfred.

"And you will all live happily ever afterwards," I concluded for her. "Delightfully fresh but hardly printable. Thank you."

The freshness of the episode wore off with frequent repetition. Indeed only "Many-a-plain-face-hides-a-kind-

heart," as she appears on my programme, approached the burning subject from a point of view not entirely egotistic.

"Do They have a crown each," she asked me, after a noticeable pause in the conversation, "or do They split one between Them?"

"Go on," I begged her. "This shows promise;" and I took out my notebook. "What I mean is, people always talk about the English Crown and hardly ever about the English Crowns."

"Yes," I encouraged her; "and now for the central motif, the kernel, as it were, of your amusing observations."

The notebook had, I am afraid, put her off her game. "Will it do if I say something about every sovereign having five crowns?" she asked.

occasion. "Half a Crown, Sir," he said glibly, "is better than no recognition."

Whereupon I doubled the fee and presented him with five bob, partly to secure the copyright of his epigram and partly to justify the title of this article.

THE GLORIOUS FIRST.

COMMENCEMENT OF THE CLOUT-CASTING SEASON.

"Ne'er cast a clout
Till May is out."

Old Saying.

WHILE enthusiastic clout-casters all over the country have been impatiently waiting for the passing of May, few, perhaps, have been so enterprising as the Old Etonians, who held their first meeting at Ranelagh at 12.30 A.M. on the 1st of June under somewhat novel conditions. By a clever arrangement of acetylene lamps and an illuminated basket the groundsman had made preparations at once adequate and ingenious, and in consequence there was a large muster of ardent O.E.'s. Under the circumstances anything like accurate casting was scarcely to be expected, and in the practice game that had been arranged, *Puce v. Maroon*, the combined flights were inclined to be ragged. But some good individual performances were put up that promised well for an exceptionally strong season.

Thus Captain Halfe-Pryce, who led the Maroons, found the basket with his three-button Jaeger in four successive casts.

While this was, perhaps, the only team play indulged in at such an early hour, single clout-casting was to be seen from midnight onwards in all parts of London, while in White-chapel Mrs. Izzy Aarons, the well-known local lady champion, achieved the extraordinary record, against a head-wind, of ten-and-a-half yards, with a heavy red flannel suspensory projectile. Altogether the prospects of the new season are particularly bright, and by the time this issue appears clout-casting should be in full swing.

"The bath has been thoroughly cleaned out and refilled ready for this season's use."

Evenham Journal.

This is Winchcombe's contribution to the Coronation Year.



THE CORONATION HAT-PIN
(MR. PUNCH'S DESIGN).

I shut the notebook up. "If you had said four it would have made the joke more correct, arithmetically. But even that wouldn't have made it new. Let us suppose They do share a crown. Can't you do anything with it? No? Well, there's the band again. You mean well with your head, but I expect your real skill is in your feet."

After that I determined that it was no use trying any more, for my partners seemed to be thinking more about the fourth daughter than the Coronation and more about themselves than either. So I made my way to the Gents' Cloak-room and allowed Second Footman James to play about with my coat while I got into it. I gathered from his semi-detached air that there was a silver collection.

"Alas, James," said I, "I have nothing less than two-and-six."

Of all that gay throng James alone rose, however unconsciously, to the



Cherub up aloft (to paterfamilias, who has been prevented from reaching his seats, for which he has paid a large sum). "NEVER YOU MIND, GUV'NOR; I'LL TELL YER WHEN THEY COMES ALONG IN PLENTY OF TIME TO TAKE YER 'AT OFF."

THE CORONATION.

An Essay.

THERE is an event that is to occur in this month of June, an event of such deep and mystic significance that I feel I can only write of it with bated breath. It may well be said that the destinies of a country and an empire hang in the balance, while the sun that never sets burns with a fever of anxiety. You have guessed the nature of that event? Yes, you are right. I, the most profound law-student perhaps of modern times, am to offer myself for examination in the Bar Final.

I should explain that this section of the work is not the Essay, but is in the nature of an introduction. The alleged Essay has been written by my little daughter *etait* twelve, and I do not think it can be suggested that she has distinguished herself. I most particularly wish to impress upon our readers that it is she, and not I, who wrote it. My little girl, Equity, has grown up from babyhood in an atmosphere of forensic research, and of recent years she has devoted herself to helping me with my "home-work" or "prep."

How it was that the Essay which comes *infra* (if it comes at all) ever saw the light of day I will now explain.

It was this morning that Equity and myself, sitting at breakfast in the soft spring sunlight, engaged in the following dialogue.

I had propped against the coffee-pot a page of lecture notes, with illustrations by my daughter.

"You know, my dear," I said, helping myself to a brown crumby fish, "I don't think these pictures really assist me much. Who is the man in pince-nez cutting down a tree?"

"Mortgagee committing waste," she replied, munching toast.

"But why the pince-nez?" I protested. "It's so irrelevant."

"Mortgagees are solicitors," she explained briefly, and for a time there was a silence broken only by the sound of my brain at work.

"Papa," said Equity suddenly—"Papa, what about the Coronation?"

"Well, what about it?" I said.

"I think a balcony."

"What do you mean, 'you think a balcony'?"

"I think a balcony. You can see

all right, and, what is even more important, you can be seen. I think I shall wear——"

"You think a lot too fast, little girl," I said. "A balcony indeed! I should be ruined."

"Oh, Papa," she exclaimed, with a look of reproach under her long, dark lashes. "I should never have believed that a paltry question of money would have come between you and your loyalty."

I got up and paced about.

"My child," I said, "you know that the results of the examination are published only a few days before this so-called Coronation. Your poor father will very likely be in a Nursing Home for some weeks. Besides, I don't suppose there are any balconies left." But I knew at once that this last argument had weakened my case; Equity would have her balcony if it meant asking them to alter the entire route. Still I felt that it might yet be possible to make some show of paternal authority, so I told my daughter that she should write an Essay on the Coronation, and that, if she took great pains with it, I would see what could be done about a balcony.

"I'll see you," said Equity, pouring out the marmalade, and immediately after breakfast she seized my favourite quill in her chubby hand and wrote for about half an hour in solemn silence, while I burnt the aromatic tobacco plant upon the hearth rug and struggled in my mind to trace some connection between a leading case in torts and a picture of a plumber falling into an unprotected bath. . . .

12.30. "Now, Equity, I've finished the Introduction. Where's the Essay?"

"On your desk, Papa."

"I can't find it."

"Then I expect you've been writing on the back of it."

"So I have," I said. "You'll have to write it out again. They'll never take anything written on both sides of the paper."

"That's all right, Papa; we can expunge the Introduction."

"Yes," I said, "or the Essay."

AUTHORITY.

THE foreign potentate who had been lunching at the Guildhall was due to pass this way, on his homeward drive, in a few minutes, and the pavement was packed with people waiting to witness the procession. I was flattering myself that I had obtained a good post of vantage (I was squashed between a very fat lady and a pillar-box) when I heard a peremptory voice behind my back. "Let me pass, please!" it said. Turning, I found myself pushed aside by a brisk, important-looking little man, who wore a white linen badge upon his arm, with a crimson cross and circle embroidered upon it. Evidently he held some official position—an ambulance attendant, a steward of some sort, I knew not what. In allowing him to proceed upon his errand, whatever it was, I unfortunately lost my vantage-point, and when the procession passed I had a very poor view of it.

I am of a forgiving and docile disposition, and when, having entered a teashop to rest and recuperate after my fruitless fatigues, I beheld the little man with the arm-badge seated at a table, I took a place beside him and dropped into conversation. "Your day's anxieties over?" I asked

him genially, as I observed that he had unfastened his official badge and was putting it in his pocket. "Many casualties in the crowd? Fainting women, and that sort of thing, I suppose?"

His reply was lost in a bite of buttered toast.

"There's a new method of treatment for fainting fits, isn't there?" I went on.

"Eh?" he said. "New method?"

"The ambulance people have adopted it, I believe."

"Certainly;" he put his hand in his pocket and pulled out an armlet. But it was not white-and-red: it was made of blue serge with three wavy silver lines wriggling round it.

I met his eye. At last—at last, he blushed.

"You will now kindly explain," I said.

"Mum's the word!" He looked round furtively, then leant across the table. "You promise not to give me away, and I on my part will present you with a valuable secret. I have a hobby—I pursue royalty; I like

pageants; I adore athletic contests. But, being small in stature, I cannot see anything unless I am in the front row. Now, as I daresay you have noticed, we are an authority-obeying nation. We are herded by badge-wearers. I, Sir, am a badge-wearer. It is true that none of my badges mean anything—but the public lets the badged man go where he pleases. If I want a good view of anything, from a royal cavalcade to a street accident, I slip on one of my badges—any old thing will do—bustle people out of my path, and step into the front rank at once. At athletic sports I wear a rosette and carry a whistle in my hand; at other functions I don a gold-laced cap or an armlet or a metal button.

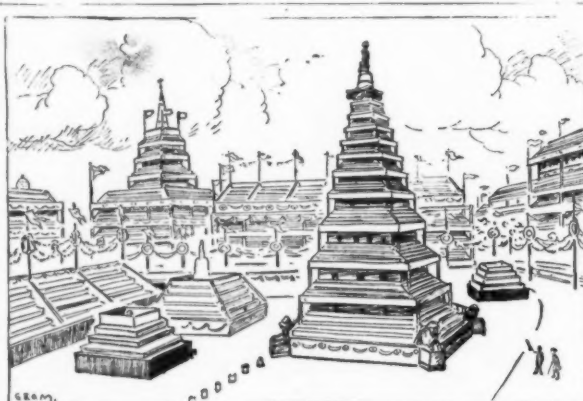
"Wonderful, isn't it?"—he smiled at me sweetly—"how badge abiding we are in England! In Germany, now, I should be put to the expense of buying entire uniforms to get my best effects, whereas here—well, you saw what this arm-

badge did for me this afternoon."

"I saw what it did for me," I agreed. But it was impossible to be resentful. Besides—now I came to reflect—might he not have saved me that three guineas I had contemplated paying for my seat in Whitehall on Coronation Day? A yard or so of Clarkson's best gold lace would cost less than three guineas. . . .

I must think about it.

Later. I have thought about it. I shall go as a Scout troop-leader. Nice, summery costume, quite unobtrusive; and I have seen ready-made samples exposed on mannequins at very reasonable prices. Shall assume the badge of "The Cuckoos," very appropriate for an act of usurpation.



THE ABOVE DESIGNS FOR TOWN BUILDINGS HAVE JUST BEEN MADE BY A COLONIAL VISITOR WHO HAS COME OVER TO STUDY AND IMITATE THE LEADING FEATURES OF THE METROPOLIS. NO. 1 WAS TAKEN FROM TRAFALGAR SQUARE; NO. 2 FROM PICCADILLY LOOKING WEST—OR EAST.

"Yes—yes; quite so. Keep the patient bolt-upright, head up—"

"Head up?" I was surprised.

"Standing on his head, I meant." This emerged through another bite of toast. "Feet up."

I became interested. "And did you stand many people on their heads this afternoon?"

"Two or three," he replied vaguely. "Two or three. Rather a nuisance. Never had time to look at the procession, myself."

"But I saw you, planted comfortably in the foremost row, watching the procession pass!" I was growing suspicious. "Excuse me," I added, "but do you mind showing me that badge?"